



## MAINE FARMER

Our Home, our Country and our Brother Man.

## RAISING HORSES IN MAINE.

Horses will not thrive with you as upon the green hills of Vermont.

We quote the above text from a series of remarks made by Mr. C. C. Coffin of West Boston, N. H., in the October number of the "Journal of Agriculture."

The writer is furnishing our friend King, the editor of the Journal, with "Notes on the New England States." His first number contained a very good description of the geological features of New England, and in his second number he confines his remarks to the present condition of agriculture in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, these States being on the same latitude. He undoubtedly intends to be candid and impartial in his views of the three States. He evidently considers Vermont principally an agricultural State, and that agriculture must always be her leading business.

New Hampshire, he thinks, must be "the manufacturing State," but in regard to Maine he is quite undecided—somewhat in the fog. He observes that "Maine never has been a State that could raise corn in large quantities; not that there are not some fine localities where large yields are obtained, but as a State, it cannot stand very high in that respect. The seasons are too short, and the humidity of the atmosphere too great, for successful crops of that cereal. In the raising of wheat or grasses, he is far ahead of either Vermont or New Hampshire."

Let us put a pin there, for we shall recur to this remark by and by. Again he says: "Maine will soon be under the necessity of doing something besides cutting down the forest." (That's true.) "What that something will be, is for her citizens to decide. It would be unwise and hazardous to say that she could or could not be an agricultural State." After further observations on New Hampshire and Vermont, he says, "I have thus hastily pointed out some of the natural tendencies of these States, with the design of showing what Maine can do, Vermont cannot do; and what New Hampshire is destined to be, cannot be the lot of either Maine or Vermont. If all these States go upon the same system, they will fail; but each with a system adapted to its geological condition, geographical position, and meteorological changes, can succeed."

It would be fully for Vermont to export hay, and equally unwise for Maine to attempt to raise horses to compete with Vermont. \* \* \* "If you are away down East, and think of going into the horse business, perhaps you had better stop. Horses will not thrive with you as upon the green hills of Vermont."

Now we hold to the remark or advice above given, that the system of agriculture should conform to our geological condition, geographical position, and meteorological changes—but that there is anything in either of these to forbid Maine from competing with Vermont, or all New England, in raising horses, is what we cannot at present subscribe to. If you go back to the point where we put down a pin, you will see our friend acknowledged that Maine, in the raising of wheat and grass, was far ahead of Vermont and New Hampshire. That is true; and he might have added, oats and other grains. Now what do you want better than grass and oats to raise horses upon! and if we are far ahead in these items, what hinders us from being far ahead of them in rearing horses? We are now far ahead of these States in rearing working oxen, and when we quit lumbering so extensively as we now do, and turn our attention more exclusively to agriculture, it will be seen we can raise oats equal in numbers, and equally as fat, frisky and handsome, as can be found upon the green hills of Vermont.

If our friend will take pains to come "away Down East," and walk over the whole of Maine, he will find her young, green, and arid, and, but he will also find that she has extent of coast and harbors enough, to enable her to build and accommodate more shipping than all the rest of New England. That she has streams and waterfalls enough to turn more wheels and drive more spindles than all the rest of New England; that she has more arable acres than any other individual State in New England, and pasture enough to feed more horses, cattle, and sheep, than any other individual State in New England. If you don't believe it, come and see.

## MAINE FARMERS' CONVENTION.

The enquiry is frequently made, by some of the more spirited farmers in different sections of the State, Are we to have a farmers' convention this winter? It is to be hoped we shall. The convention held last year, was rather small as to numbers, and principally for this reason, the notice given was not sufficient. The time from the first inception of the plan to the day, was not sufficient, and there was also a misunderstanding in regard to the day between different papers, and thereby different days were mentioned for the meeting.

We see nothing to hinder having a full and enthusiastic meeting this winter. We ought to have one. There are questions touching the elevation and prosperity of the agriculture of Maine, and by consequence, the prosperity of her agriculturists, that require the united deliberation of all concerned. Can any better mode be devised whereby these questions can be discussed and decided, than for the farmers themselves to come together and "reason together?"

The winter offers a time of comparative leisure, and much good may be derived from the united deliberations of those who can meet and

see each other face to face, and exchange their views in a friendly and social way.

You all turn out and form the bulk of the assembly, when political conventions, or religious conventions, or temperance conventions are called, certainly you will not be backward in coming forward to swell the assembly, when an agricultural convention is called. What say ye, brother farmers, shall we have one—a real mass meeting of "huge pines," in full strength and numbers? If so, when and where shall it be held?

## MR. HOWARD'S ADDRESS.

We have received a pamphlet copy of an address, delivered before the Plymouth Co. Ag. Society at Bridgewater, (Mass.), at their annual exhibition last October by our friend Sanford Howard, Esq., of the Boston Cultivator. Mr. Howard is a practical man, and a practical writer, and his address is of course highly practical in its character. Being from his boyhood acquainted with the natural formation and condition of the soil in that section of the country, he recommends what happens to him to be the best uses to which the various kinds might be advantageously put. The poorest kinds he recommends to be devoted to the growth of wood.

We quote the following from the address. Perhaps some of our readers in Leeds and Wayne, in this State, where there are some of the blowing sands of which he speaks, may feel disposed to try the experiment.

"On blowing sands and the most bleak and exposed situations, as sea beaches, &amp;c., the silver poplar will flourish. It grows with more rapidity than almost any other tree, and from its habit of sending up shoots from its roots, which in their turn become trees, it is admirably suited to the locations alluded to."

The proper planting of trees would redeem from unsightly and desolate barrenness, thousands of acres would add greatly to the beauty of the country, and render the land devoted to cultivation more valuable, from the protection afforded against winds.

In fact as a means of enhancing the value of landed property, by utility and ornament, it is a measure of the greatest consequence."

In regard to the silver poplar, which Mr. Howard recommends, we have had proof of its rapid growth, and that it is adapted to sandy and gravelly situations, having a few years ago set out some on a dry gravelly knoll in Winthrop, where they have flourished well, and become good sized trees, and where they continue to throw up suckers in abundance, from which other trees might be obtained.

## A NEW PLANTING HOE.

Among the new inventions for facilitating agricultural labor, we have been pleased with a description of a newly invented hoe, in the American Artisan.

It is the work of J. A. Pease of Burlington, New Jersey, and is made like a common hoe, with a bar attached to the eye in which corn is put, and so arranged with slides which are opened by a pin on the handle, so that when you wish, that four kernels of corn will drop into the hole. These are then covered and another hole dug, the slides opened and the corn dropped as before. We hope Mr. Pease will send one of them this way in the spring, and let us give it a try.

## FOR THE MAINE FARMER.

## QUERIES ABOUT APPLES, &amp;c.

Ms. ERROR:—Will you answer the following questions, and oblige a reader of your paper?

1. For winter apples, what four kinds in your estimation, are the most profitable, and best suited to the climate of Maine?

2. Also what four kinds of fall apples are best?

3. Will peach scions grow upon the different varieties of the plum?

4. Can cranberries be profitably cultivated in Maine?

5. What is the best, cheapest, and most speedy method of converting cider into good vinegar?

Essex, Nov. 12, 1853.

NOTE. 1. We suppose the writer means by his expression, "climate of Maine," the climate in his section of Maine. He will probably find, should he travel to the extreme north of Maine, that he has come to a latitude where but few of the earliest apples would ripen, if, indeed, he had not got beyond the extreme northern limit of the apple.

The following four winter apples for our section of Maine, would suit our individual taste best: Hubbardston Nonsuch, Nod-head, Baldwin, and Roxbury Russet.

2. For fall apples, William's Favorite, Porter Gravenstein, and Winthrop Greening.

It is fortunate, however, that neither our correspondent or any one else in Maine, need concern themselves to four varieties only, of apples. If they have not land enough at home, on which to cultivate more than four varieties of apples, there is enough a little ways off they can have. 3. Peach scions will grow in plum stocks, but they each do better on their own bottoms. 4. Cranberries are natives, or indigenous to all sections of Maine, and we have no doubt can be profitably cultivated, although we do not recollect of an instance of their cultivation being attempted among us.

5. The most speedy mode of converting cider into vinegar on a small scale, is to put a cask in a situation where it can be kept pretty warm all the time. Place a small cask of cider by the cook stove and shake it occasionally. To make vinegar on a large scale, build a series of vats—above the other, fill these vats with maple or mahogany shavings, or shavings of some wood that will not impart a taste to the vinegar, as pine shavings would. Keep the vats warm, but not so warm as to evaporate the cider, and let your cider trickle slowly from one vat to the other. If the shavings had been previously soaked in vinegar it will be better. The use of the shavings is to divide the particles of the cider, to spread it out as it were, and expose it to the air, and thus cause it to absorb

more oxygen, which is the acidifying principle. If once passing through the vats does not render it sour enough, it may be pumped up and caused to go the rounds again, and when sufficiently made, be strained into casks for use. Ed.

## FOR THE MAINE FARMER.

## LETTER FROM ALABAMA—NO. 3.

"Etenim omnes artes, quae ad humanitatem pertinent, quodam commune vinculum habent, et quasi cognatione quodam inter se continentur." [Agriculture.]

"For all the arts and sciences pertaining to life are closely linked together, and are intimately connected with Agriculture."

So thought the old Roman, and so thinks everybody who thinks rightly on the subject. I am very anxious of being thought literary, and so must not be accused of pedantry for making so free use of the "old Dictionary." At the present day, when there are more thought alive than ever before, and when there are more thinking men, and women too, it is not strange that there should be more talkers and writers than thinkers. Which abundantly proves that the world is growing more and more convinced of the imperfection of human knowledge, since the better we know a thing the less we are inclined to talk about it. And in this inclination of the mind we see one of the wisest provisions of the Creator, since, if it were otherwise, there would soon be an end of all further research into the more hidden recesses of Nature. The above quotation will show that I not only think of my subject but am willing to use the light thrown upon it by the more enlightened ancients.

In the last letter, we found the farmer must know something of Divinity, Law, and Medicine. We did not mean professionally, as habit, custom, or the law of the land, can easily make him professional, without making him a thinker. But if he would be successful as a farmer, as far as personal ease, comfort, and the pleasures of life are concerned, he must have a deal of philosophy, by nature, or acquired by observation and study. And what he has by nature will serve him little, unless strengthened by constant use and application.

Now, as to the arts and sciences. He need not be a painter, or sculptor, or no farther than to be able to whitewash his own buildings, and make an axe-handle or ox-yoke. But he should know something of drawing, besides making the master's profile on his slate, or his mate's on his back. He should learn enough of the principles of drawing to make him somewhat of a draughtsman, for he will find abundant opportunities to use all the skill he may acquire in this art, and still he may acquire, if properly instructed, all that he would be useful, or necessary at least, in two or three lessons, with great care. He must be ship-carver, too, enough to model and make a decent hog's trough, and cooper enough to keep his swill-bat and swill-pails in repair. He must be carpenter, joiner, and mason enough to build all his outbuildings; but the building of his house, and the repairing of it, may be intrusted to professionals in these several trades. As to blacksmithing, he may learn enough of that trade from his philosophy and chemistry. But he must know how to make his own carts, harrows, drags, sleds, &amp;c., and how to preserve them after they are made.

If it were more generally understood how destructive the chemical rays of the sunbeams are to all substances, of wood and metal, and especially after being moistened with dew only, we should not see so many farm-yards looking as though a hurricane had distributed the farming utensils about the premises,—a cart with the slats broken out, or side broken down, in one place; sleds, and harrows with the teeth rotting out, in another; plows and cultivators here, and hoes, shovels, axes, and chains there, and all going to decay faster than constant use would wear them. And thus all the expense of fitting up a new set of implements must be incurred almost yearly, or else the work must be half done with the old, with more labor, and more carelessness, from neglecting to put up a temporary shed of slabs even, in which they might all be conveniently housed.

The farmer must be a civil engineer, to a considerable degree. He must be able to repair highways in the best manner, if he aspires to the office of district surveyor; locate and build roads to his own lots most advantageously; construct bridges, drains and water-courses in the most durable and economical manner; be able to lay out his garden, and adorn it so that it may resemble a pleasure-ground more than a bog-yard;—and the farmer should cultivate an abundance of every vegetable that he can raise, and plant every shrub, rose and tree that the climate will allow to grow, and as a little attention to this, he may convert what often seems an isolated and dreary spot, the farm house, into a paradise. And, as he must be a botanist, aside from the irresistible humanizing power of flowers and plants, he can study their various habits, and the proper treatment of vegetables, plants and fruit trees. By being thus interested himself, his children will grow up in love with nature, and thus "be led through nature up to nature's God." Don't omit anything, then, which will add one more attraction to the old homestead. The ancient bards delighted in and often sung of their rural retreat, because they actually possessed all these charms for them, but our modern poets find nothing there that inspires their song; and farmers can't pay them well enough to sing without the inspiration.

The farmer must also know something of the market, which he can learn, however, by looking over your prices current weekly, and for his knowledge of foreign affairs, commerce, and navigation, he may consult the shipping list, the arrival of the regular steamships; and for more valuable information he must read more attentively the first page of the Maine Farmer. I shall be obliged to omit philosophy and chemistry until the next time, for I have much to say in behalf of chemistry—the necessity of its immediate introduction into the common school, in order that so much of the valuable chemical knowledge which you are continually introducing into your columns, may not be lost in so great a measure.

I mean to tell you how they grow corn and cotton, as soon as I learn. YANKEE. La Fayette, Ala., 1853.

## FOR THE MAINE FARMER.

## SUPERPHOSPHATE OF LIME.

Mr. EDITOR:—Within the past few years, much has been said and written upon concentrated manure as being the most economical for farmers and gardeners, as well as more convenient for transporting. Recently superphosphate of lime has attracted considerable attention, and many have put it to the test the past season; but I am ignorant of the results but a few trials. I will, however, so far as I have made trial of it, say that I have not realized near what I had anticipated, and have not been able to perceive any plainly marked effects except upon corn, and consider it too expensive to be profitable for that crop. It may be that the season has been unfavorable for it on account of dry weather, and that in favorable seasons it may do better. If it is what some claim it to be,—superior to anything else as a manure,—I should be glad to find it out; but at present strongly doubt its paying much interest to the farmer. It is to be hoped that those who have given it a fair trial will communicate the result, whether successful or not.

D. TADDER.

Vassalboro', 11th mo., 1853.

## FOR THE MAINE FARMER.

## A SHORT HISTORY OF AGRICULTURE.

Mr. EDITOR:—A short history of agriculture may be of interest and information to your readers. Though the items are detached, they are the result of some research, and are true but not complete. The first thing we have in history relating to farming, is the account given of Cain, that he was a "tiller of the ground." Abel "offered the firstlings of the flock," and "began to be a husbandman, and planted a vineyard." After the Jews gained the promised land, they applied themselves to agriculture, and thus followed the example of their patriarchal ancestors, who were usually husbandmen and shepherds, and whose chief riches consisted in cattle and the fruits of the earth. Abram "was very rich in cattle, and Lot, who accompanied him, "had flocks, and herds, and tents," and the land was not able to bear them, so there was a strife between the herdsmen of Abram and Lot, and they separated.

Lot had his choice and selected all the plain of Jordan, because "it was well watered everywhere," while "Abram dwelled in the land of Canaan." We learn that Jacob presented to his brother Esau, five hundred and eighty head of cattle. It was, their great flocks of cattle which, probably, made them in those times put such a value upon wells. Wells were of inestimable value in a country where it seldom rained, and where there were but few rivers or brooks. We may know in what esteem agriculture was held in those times, by reading the sacred writings. Moses was a shepherd. Shagar was taken from the herd to be a judge in Israel, and Gideon from his threshing floor, when Saul received the news of the danger to which the city of Jabesh Gilead was exposed, he was coming out of a field after the herd, notwithstanding he was a king; David was taken from feeding his ewes; Uzziah digged many wells for he had much cattle, and he is said to have loved husbandry; Elisha was called from the plow to be a prophet, for Elisha found him plowing with twelve yoke of oxen, and there cast his mantle upon him.

The Carthaginians carried the art of farming to a higher degree than any nation contemporary, and Mago the Carthaginian general, wrote no less than twenty-eight works on agricultural subjects, which were translated into Latin by an especial decree of a Roman Senate. Among the ancient Romans, the greatest praise that could be bestowed upon an illustrious character, was to say he was an industrious and judicious husbandman. Cato, who was a celebrated statesman, orator and general, and was covered with many honors, yet derived his greatest honor from having written a voluminous work on agriculture. Philosophers, statesmen, and nobles, in Europe, have not disdained to devote their attention to this most important topic. Some of the most important writings of the immortal Washington, were on agricultural topics. Various means have been adopted in all ages to enrich the soil. The Jews were well acquainted with the use of manures, and (though guano is a "new thing under the sun") they knew the use of doves, dung as a valuable manure, so much so, that on the occasion of the famine in Samaria, "the fourth part of a bushel of doves dung sold for five pieces of silver, (II. Kings, vi, 25.) The dung of pigeons was the dearest manure that the Persians use, and as they apply it almost entirely for the rearing of melons, it is probable, on that account, that the melons of Isfahan are so much finer than those of other cities. Pliny says that the invention of manures belongs to Augustus, who was a Grecian king. An ancient historian (Theophrastus), names six kinds of manures. Salt, either alone or mixed in "the dunghill, is mentioned in the New Testament. Jordan annually overflowed its banks, and left behind a rich deposit, upon which seed was sown, in allusion to which Solomon says, "cast thy bread, (seed or corn) upon the waters, and thou shalt find it again after many days."

The earliest mention made in the Old Testament of a plow, is in Deut. xxi, 10, where the Israelites are prohibited from plowing with an ox and an ass together. The plow, says Horne, appears to have been furnished with a shoe and coulter, probably not very unlike those now in use.

According to the testimony of travelers, the people of Asia Minor use goods of large size, eight feet long and six inches at the larger end. Hesiod mentions a plow consisting of three parts—the share-beam, the draught-pole, and the plow-tail, but historians are not agreed as to its precise form. Cato says plows were of two kinds, one for strong, the other for light soils. Varro mentions one with two mould-boards. Pliny mentions a plow with one mould-board, and others with a coulter. The method of manuring the ground and preparing it for tillage, was very different from that at present pursued. The Grecian culture gave the ground three plowings,—one in autumn, another in spring, and a third just before sowing time, when manures were applied.

The Romans seldom deviated from the practice of fallowing. In general, a fallow and a year's crop succeeded each other. The prophet Jeremiah speaks of breaking up the fallow ground; and Isaiah asks, "Doth the plowman plow all day to sow? Doth he open and break the clods of his ground? When he hath made plain the face thereof, doth he not cast abroad the fitches and scatter the cumin, and cast in the principal wheat, and the appointed barley, and the rye in their places?" S. H. C. Danversville, Nov., 1853.

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## FOR THE MAINE FARMER.

## ALEXANDER TROOP—SWALLOW.

Messrs. EDITORS:—A communication in your last number, on the migration of Swallows, called to my mind a circumstance which is sufficiently amusing to warrant its preservation in your columns. About twenty years ago an aged Scotchman, who was often employed by me as a carpenter, asked me if I had seen any swallows that morning. I told him yes, and pointed to several then in sight. "Well," said he, "they will all be gone to-morrow."

"How do you know that?" said I. "I have calculated it." "What do you mean—how calculated it?" "The moon crosses the earth's track to-night," said he, "and the birds will take advantage of the occasion and go to the moon. At the proper time," said he, "the birds rise from the earth and wait for the moon, which passes in a few hours." "How do they resist the force of gravity?" said I, "and in what medium do they sustain themselves while waiting for their omnibus to come along and take them on?" "That is their look out," said he, "they understand it and will all be off to-night." Next day I took great pains to see a swallow, but not one was visible after the old gentleman's announcement. About six months afterwards my old friend asked me if I had seen any swallows yet. I said "No." "Well," said he, "they will come to-morrow." The next day they did come, and that day the earth crossed the moon's track, and, on the theory of my old friend, the swallows rose from the moon and waited a few hours, till the earth came along, when they all got on. For several years afterwards the exact time of the migration and return was indicated by him in the same way, and certainly the coincidence, if it was nothing more, was remarkable.

The Old Carpenter had many other theories that were curious, and one was particularly amusing. Seeing me wind up my school clock one day he said I knew of the theory of the pendulum. He took the pendulum and swinging it from left to right he said it never swung back. "But I see it go back!" said I. "No," said he, "that is an optical deception; by the time the pendulum has reached the limit of its vibration the rotation of the earth, from west to east, brings the pivot, on which the pendulum hangs, directly vertical to the bob or weight and there is no need of its swinging back. I asked the venerable Scotchman how his theory would work if the clock was so situated that the pendulum swung from north to south, in which case the rotation of the earth would not affect it. The old gentleman was thoughtful, but said nothing. "You have seen clocks whose pendulums swing north and south?" said I. "Yes," said he, "but I have always noted that they did not keep good time."

The name of this excellent old man was ALEXANDER TROOP. He was, I believe, a native of Aberdeen, in Scotland, and was brought up a carpenter under the nose of the respectable college at that place. His attainments in mathematics would have fitted him for respectable rank as a surveyor or civil engineer, had not his natural modesty led him early to undervalue his ability. He came to this country probably fifty years ago. Mr. Troop was very ingenious and very faithful, too much so in fact to accumulate any property. I never knew a man more scrupulously honest, just, and pious. That such a man should sometimes appear set in his way is not to be wondered at. His long residence among us did not smooth the broad Scottish dialect that he brought over with him. He loved study, was a deep thinker, and among his other theories had one of perpetual motion, based on the properties of the triangle, while the casting of nativities was an amusement to him. His mathematical bias influenced his whole conduct, and once, when I wished him to include a certain place with rough boards, before the tide came up, he began to square the ends of every board before he sawed it. "You must not square the ends," said I, "there is no time." "What shall I do, then, if I don't square them?" said he. "Guess at it," said I. "Guess!" said he in utter astonishment, "I never guessed at anything in my life!" Alexander Troop died, two or three years ago, at the age probably of eighty-eight, and the green and never closed over a more worthy man.

Boston, Nov. 14, 1853.

[New England Farmer.]

BECKWITH CAKES. A writer in a city paper says: "When I was young, (only a few years ago), buckwheat cakes made at that day were buckwheat cakes, but were made of buckwheat only, and not of that compound article of commerce now sold, which seems to be a mixture of sand, inferior wheat flour, &amp;c. A chemical analysis would tell the tale. The batter then was raised from yeast from the celebrated breweries of Pepper, Morris &amp; Gaul, Laver, &amp;c. &amp;c., and thus made were as light as air, and had the real buckwheat taste. But now-a-days, you may take brewers' yeast, or any of the newly invented nostrums of the day, and, although the cakes may be light, the taste of buckwheat is almost imperceptible. My object in bringing this matter before the public, is to arrest the attention of the millers, and encourage them to produce the real Simon Pure, and at the same time to learn where the genuine meal can be had. It is generally known that the Bethlehemites manufacture a very superior article, but a limited purse cannot always go to Bethlehem."

The intelligent farmer being in reality the most independent man in the world, should cultivate a sense of independence and of self-respect.

## THE DANCE OF THE AUTUMN LEAVES.

Dance by the restless winds along,  
Where the sorrowful woodland grieves,  
Hither and thither a fitful throng,  
Merrily dance the autumn leaves.  
Upward they mount to the murky sky,  
Downward they plunge to the earth below;  
Now in a giddy whirl they fly,  
Now in a madcap chase they go.Tinkling gaily their feet advance  
Over the graves in thoughtless glee;  
And the music to which they dance—  
Hark! 'tis a dirge's melody!Onward merrily still they go,  
Through the wood and over the wave,  
Till they find in the watery room,  
Chilly and dark their lonely grave.  
Borne by the tempest's power along,  
While kind Heaven in pity grieves,  
Giddily pass the human throng,  
Thoughtlessly as the autumn leaves.Upward they mount in fancies high,  
Downward they plunge in pleasures low;  
Now in the passions' whirl they fly,  
Now in Ambition's chase they go.  
Merrily still their feet advance  
Over the graves in thoughtless glee;  
And the music to which they dance—  
Hark! 'tis a dirge's melody!Onward—giddily they go,  
Over the earth and over the wave,  
Till they find in the depth below,  
Chilly and dark their lonely grave.

## KENNEBEC AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

## REPORTS OF COMMITTEES.

## On Sheep.

There were three flocks of sheep entered for premiums. The one entered by R. G. Skofield of Readfield, consisted of ten very heavy ewes, a cross of Merino, Saxony and South Down. We award to Mr. Skofield the Society's first premium, and to Alfred Smith of Winthrop, the second.

John Kezer entered a flock of fine woolled sheep that looked well. There were ten bucks entered—three by Jesse Waldworth of East Livermore, two years old, and looked well. John Kezer entered two, one a good three-fourths Merino and one-fourth Cotswold, and shorn last spring eight and a half pounds of clean wool. We award to Mr. Kezer the first premium.

E. Holmes of Winthrop, entered three, one full blood Saxony and two grade—the one known by the name of "Little Ear" was a good looking sheep, and shaded by a little by John's—Ezekiel must have the second premium.

S. G. Fogg of Readfield, entered a full blood Leicester buck, five and a half months old, a fine lamb.

## On Swine.

There were no competitors on swine. John Kezer came forward as in days past, with three or four loads of fine grunners as ever wore hog's hair. He had a very motherly looking old sow, and pigs in abundance. We think the sow entitles John to the first premium. Our first thought in relation to the pigs was, that John should have but one premium, for fear that he would become too hoggyish; but the second sober thought was, John has done much in the kingdom of hogdom, and we run a little risk and give him the first and second premiums on pigs.

W. F. Hilton of Fayette, entered a boar, four and a half months old, of good size, but not quite smooth enough for the first premium, and we give him the second.

## On Plovers.

There were three competitors on plovers. James Packard of Readfield, with double team, Samuel H. Richardson and Lafayette Henton with single teams. We think James Packard well entitled to the first premium for double team; S. H. Richardson the first and Lafayette Henton the second on single teams.

## E. S. CASE, per order.

## CUMBERLAND COUNTY AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Agreeably to notice, the Fair and Show commenced in Portland on Wednesday, Oct. 10, 1853. The Cattle Show was held in the pasture, corner of Green and Portland Streets. The Fair of produce and manufactured articles, at Lancaster Hall.

At 7 o'clock on Wednesday evening, the annual address was delivered at the City Hall, by N. T. True, M. D., of Bethel. Subject—Agricultural resources of the county, and the methods to be adopted to render them most available to the intelligent farmer.

Thursday the Society met at the city hall for the purpose of choosing officers for the ensuing year, acting on the reports of the committees, &amp;c.

The President called the meeting to order—Messrs. S. B. Beckett, Portland, John Sawyer, Raymond, R. Cram of Bridgton, Marcan Seavey, Portland, D. L. Toby, New Gloucester, were chosen a committee to nominate a list of persons for officers for the ensuing year.

Voted, To dispense with balloting for officers, and act upon the report of the Committee by hand vote. The Committee reported the following list which was adopted by the Society, viz: President, Samuel F. Perley, Naples.

Vice Presidents, E. G. Buxton, Yarmouth, James Mann, Gorham, Charles Hannaford, Cape Elizabeth, John Sawyer, Raymond.

Recording Secretary, Sewall N. Gross, New Gloucester.

Corresponding Secy., David Hayes, Westbrook.

Treasurer, Geo. W. Woodman, Portland.

Collector, Daniel D. Ruggles, Naples.

Association Managers, John P. Perley, Bridgton, Jonathan Smith, Westbrook, J. F. Leavitt, Portland, Isaac Jones, Brunswick, Seward M. Baker, Windham.

Member of the Board of Agriculture, Samuel F. Perley, Naples.

John Q. Day, from a committee appointed to enquire upon what terms the Trustees of Sandish Academy, or of any Academy in the county, would relinquish their school, for the purpose of establishing an Agricultural School, in connection with a Model Farm, made a report; which, after some discussion, was laid over to an adjourned meeting.

The following resolution was unanimously passed:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Society be, and hereby are tendered N. T. True, M. D., of Bethel, for the able and interesting address delivered by him last evening, and that the Secretary communicate this vote to him and solicit a copy of the address for publication.

Voted, That when this meeting adjourns, it adjourn to meet in Portland, on the first Wednesday of January next, at 10 o'clock A. M.

The Treasurer, Geo. W. Woodman, made a statement, showing a balance in his hands up to the time of this exhibition of \$249.58.

## DOMESTIC RECEIPTS.

## SELECTED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

To ROAST FOWLS. Pick and draw them; be careful not to break the gall-bladder in drawing, as if the gall be spilled, it will render any part which it touches bitter; a fowl should be so cleanly drawn as to require no washing, but merely to be wiped out with a clean dry cloth.

Singe them; then press down the breast-bone. Break the legs by the middle of the first joint, draw out the sinews, and cut off the parts at the break. Put the gizzard in one pinion and the liver in the other, and turn the points on the back; put a skewer in the first joint of the pinion and bring the middle of the leg close to it; put the skewer through the middle of the leg and through the body, and the same on the other side; put another skewer through the small of the leg and the sidesman, and another through the other side. Cut the head off close to the body, leaving sufficient skin to tie to the neck. Suspend it neck downwards. Baste with butter for some time after putting to the fire. They will require from half an hour to an hour according to the size. When fowls are large they are very good served like turkey.

Stuffed roast fowls with melted butter or gravy sauce. Before you send them to table, remove all skewers and strings which may have been used in trussing. Fowls and all other feathered animals are served with the breast upward.

HOT CAKE. Stir together a quart of Indian meal, and a teaspoonful of salt, and a piece of butter the size of an egg. Wet it with milk, not very stiff; after you have stirred all well together, spread your dough about half an inch thick, upon a smooth board prepared for the purpose. Rub it over with sweet cream, and set it up, before a good fire, supporting the board with a flat-iron. When it is well browned turn it over, loosening it with a knife. After moistening it with cream, brown the other side, as before. When it is done, cut into square cakes, and send them to the table hot, split and butter them at table.

BECKY BREAD. Take a pint of new milk







**The Largest Assortment Yet!**

**AS CHISAM'S CLOTHES WAREHOUSE.**  
**READY MADE CLOTHING**  
 ever before offered for sale in this City, consisting of COATS  
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**Extensive Assortment of Pants!**  
 part of which, in quality, and workmanship, will equal any  
 town trade that can be obtained in this City. A  
**LIST OF ALL QUALITIES AND PRICES!**  
**FURNISHING GOODS**—All styles of Gents' Furnishing  
 goods constantly on hand.  
 Also, a well selected stock of French, German, English  
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STRAITS TIMES STEAMSHIP LINE.  
 Arrangements for passengers, the subscriber respectfully solicits  
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 Strangers and Friends, visiting the city, wishing to purchase  
 a week's ride out of their money, are respectfully invited  
 and counselling for themselves. W. H. CHISAM.  
 Augusta, Sept. 20, 1852. 4m40

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**STEAMSHIP LINE.**  
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 The only Line giving Through Tickets, includ-  
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**CEDES,** all first class double-engine Steamships, will

New York City, on the 16th and 20th of each month, (except on those days that fall on Sunday, Saturday previous will be sailing day,) connecting by the Nicaragua Trans-isthmian Route, leaving New York at 8 o'clock P.M., and arriving at San Francisco after twelve miles of land carriage, with the Steamship PERUVIANA, CORTES, BROTHER JONATHAN and other specific ones, of which will leave San Juan del Fuerte, on the Pacific Coast, terminus of the Transit Route, for San Francisco, on the arrival of the passengers.

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1853. FALL TRADE. 1853.  
W. JOSEPH & CO. are opening now a rich and well selected stock of  
**AUTUMN AND WINTER GOODS,**  
such as Dress Goods, French Merino, silk and worsted Thibet,

Wool Cashmere, Lyonsese, Parmatita, Alpaca, Madama  
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SILKS—Black and colored, a splendid assortment.  
Silks, Stradella and Silk.  
Gloves and Hosiery of all kinds, with a general assortment  
of Domestic and Housekeeping Goods.  
August 18, 1855. W. JOSEPH & CO.  
Stockings, Yarn and Flannel, taken in exchange. 40

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I, FALES, from Boston, would respectfully announce  
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will perform **QUADRILLE MUSIC FOR DALLS, PRIVATE  
PARTIES, ASSEMBLIES,** and for all occasions  
where **GOOD MUSIC** is required.  
Apply to H. FALES, at the Kennebec House, or to J.

**NEW STORE AND NEW GOODS.**  
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 Bay State, Lord and Squire, Cashmere, Thibet and Silk Haver; Silk, black and colored; Broadcloths, Cashmere, Vestings and Domestic; together with a general assortment of Gloves, Hosiery, and Fancy Goods, which will be sold very cheap by  
**W. H. HANKERSON**, No. 9 Bridge's Block.  
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Clothing, New Portland, Me.  
I have procured the services of Mr. J. S. LARKIN, who  
is an expert workman, and will give personal at-  
tention, and the best workmanship warranted.  
CUTTING done at short notice.  
New Portland, Oct. 12, 1868. Amos

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**HENRY SEWALL,**  
(Successor to Deering & Sewall.)  
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in  
Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, Leather, Shoe Tools,  
Lasts and Findings.  
No. 3, PHENIX BUILDING, two Doors South of the  
Post Office, AUGUST 1, Mr. H

25 COPIES just received, MEMOIR of Rev. Dr. JUDSON.  
2 vols.—Price \$4. For sale by  
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**AYER's PILLS.**

For all the Purposes of a Family Physic.

THERE has long existed a public demand for an effective  
purgative pill which could be relied on as sure and per-  
fectly safe in its operation. This has been prepared to  
meet that demand, and an extensive trial of its virtues has  
convincingly shown its worth, when it accomplishes the  
purpose designed. It is easy to make a *revulsive pill*, but not  
easy to make the best of all *pills*—one which should have

One of the objectives, but all the advantages, of every other medicine has been attempted here, and with what success we will readily concede. It is a medicine that is almost equally unfortunate for the patient hitherto that almost every purgative medicine is acrimonious and irritating to the bowels. This is not. Many of them produce so much griping pain that the patient is obliged to discontinue their use, thus depriving the goal to be derived from them. Indeed, the most common irritation or pain, unless it arise from a previously existing obstruction or derangement in the bowels. Being purely vegetable, no harm can arise from their use in any quantity; but the minute directions for their use in the several diseases to which they are applicable are given on the box. Among the complaints which have been speedily cured by them, we may mention, *Constipation, Indigestion, Headache, Stomachic, Colic, Flatulency, Indigestion, Langour and Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Irritability, Bilious Headache, Bilious Fever, Fever and Ague,*

Fall in the Side and Lungs; for, in truth, all these are but the consequences of bilious action in the liver. As an aperient, they afford prompt and sure relief in Costiveness, Piles, Colic, Dysentery, Humors, Scrofula and Scurvy, Colic with soreness of the bowels, Ulcers and impurity of the blood; in short, any and every case where a purgative is required.

For **COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, E. FLUENT**; in **Gardiner** by C. P. Branch; in **Winthrop** by F. C. Bradford; in **Readfield** by Isaac Donham; in **Wayne** by C. O. Whitney; and by Druggists generally. copy487

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**E. K. ROBINSON.**  
SOLD IN AUGUSTINE.

**STILL**, manufacturers of the (East End of Kennebec Dam) DOORS, BLINDS, SASH AND WINDOW FRAMES.

Good Sash and Blinds, when sold in lots of half doz. Windows or more,

7 by 9 and 8 by 19 Blinds from 216 3 cents per light.  
 7 by 9 and 8 by 19 Blinds " 50 to 60 " " pair.  
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The above articles are also kept at CHARLES HAMILTON'S,  
 1 door north of the Franklin House, Water St., Augusta.  
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### Davis' Patent Self-Adjusting Churn,

**T**HAT which was awarded the PRIZE MEDAL at the World's Fair in London, for Churning, Gathering, Working and Salting Butter. Manufactured by the subscribers at Winthrop, Me., sole proprietors of the Patent Right for the County of Kennebec (the towns of East Livermore, Mt. Vernon, Wayne and Fort Fairfield). This Churn completes the process of Butter Making, without touching the hands to the

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N. Vassalbo; J. Geo. Andrews, Mountmou; B. F. Melvin, New  
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We hereby give notice that they continue to manufacture  
PITTS' DOUBLE HORSE POWER, and PITTS' PATENT  
SEPARATOR, for Thrashing and Cleaning Grain, with all the  
the latest improvements, which they now offer to the Farmers  
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Write to **F. W. Fisher**, and get a Descriptive Circular gratis, giving a large amount of Scientific Evidence, from **Liebig's Animal Chemistry**; **Dr. Combe's Physiology of Digestion**; **Dr. Pennington on Food and Diet**; **Dr. John W. Draper**, of New York; **Prof. H. C. Lea**, of Philadelphia; **Prof. J. L. Smith**, of Yale College; **Dr. Carpenter's Physiology**, and other authorities, of cures from all parts of the United States.  
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**H**AVING been put in GOOD RUNNING ORDER, is now  
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Salmon, for sale by 25 JOHN McARTHUR.





## The Muse.

## THE TOAST.

The feast is o'er! No brimming wine  
Is left to cheer the guests to dine  
Before each eager guest,  
And silence fills the crowded hall,  
As deep as when the herald's call  
Thrills in the loyal hall.

Then up rose the noble host,  
And smiling cried: "A toast! a toast!  
To all our ladies fair."  
Here, before all, I pledge the name  
Of Stanton's proud and beauteous dame—  
The Lady Gunderson.

Then to his feet each gallant sprang,  
And joyous was the cheer that rang,  
As Stanley gave the word:  
And every cup was raised on high,  
Nor ceased the loud and gleaming cry,  
"Stanton's voice was heard."  
"Enough, enough," he smiling said,  
And lowly bent his haughty head,  
"That all may have their due,  
Now each in turn must play his part,  
And pledge the lady of his heart."  
Like gallant knights and true!

Then one by one each guest sprang up,  
And desired in turn his brimming cup,  
And named the lady of his name;  
And each, as hand on high he raised,  
His lady's grace or beauty praised,  
Her constancy and fame.

Then now St. Leon's turn to rise,  
On him are fixed those countless eyes—  
A gallant knight is he:  
Bared by some, admiring by all,  
Far famed in lady's lower, and hall,  
The flower of chivalry.

St. Leon raised his kindling eye,  
And light the sparkling cup on high:  
"I drink to you," he said,  
"Whose image never may depart,  
Deep grave on this grateful heart,  
This memory be dear."

"To one whose love for me shall last  
When lighter passions long have past,  
So holy 'tis to me,  
To one whose love hath longer dwelt,  
More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,  
Than any pledged by you."

Each guest up started at the word,  
And laid a hand upon his sword,  
With fury-flashing eye,  
And Stanley said: "We crave the name,  
Proud knight, of this peerless dame,  
Whose love you count so high."

St. Leon paused, as if he would  
Not break her name in careless mood  
Thus lightly to another;  
Then bent his noble head as though  
To give that word the reverence due,  
And gently said: "My Mother!"

## The Story-Teller.

## THE THREE BROTHERS.

## A TALE OF UNION AND DISUNION.

The merchant of Millbrook, dying, left three sons to inherit his estate. This was the most valuable property in the village, consisting of an extensive country store, the only one in the place, a handsome farm, and a very excellent grist mill.

On his death-bed, the merchant called his three sons to his side, and said:  
"I am about to die, and I shall have made myself ready to leave this world in peace, when I have given you the advice of an old and experienced man, and a father's blessing."

"I leave to you considerable property, which I hope you will know how to appreciate and improve. I take the more pleasure in bestowing upon you this fruit of my industry, since I have the satisfaction of feeling that, in accumulating wealth, I have never knowingly wronged a living being, nor ever deviated from the path of rectitude. And oh, my sons, consider, now, what a heavy burden of guilt upon my soul this wealth would be at this time, did my conscience tell me it had been purchased at the expense of my own uprightness, and the happiness of my fellow beings! Consider, too, how much better it would be to die in honest poverty, than in the midst of ill-gotten riches; and in all your dealings with mankind, remember the earnest counsel of a dying father—be just to your neighbor, and keep your conscience clear."

After giving utterance to much more advice of the same description, to which his sons listened with pious attention, the old man said:

"I have made my will, according to the best of my judgment, and in the sincerity of my love. In this I have not considered the interest of one more than that of another; and I am sure you will respect your father's memory too much to murmur at his last worldly dispensation."

The young men joined in assurance of veneration for the old man, love for each other, and pious submission to his will. Then the merchant of Millbrook continued:

"You, Richard, my first-born, the beloved of my mother, whom I am going to join in another world, for whom I first experienced a father's joy and a mother's tenderness, you have a just claim to be considered first."

Richard pressed the old man's hand, and Joseph and James bowed in silent acknowledgment of their father's justice.

"To you, Richard," pursued the dying man, "I give the farm, with everything pertaining to it, except the land on the farther side of the stream, which I think should properly belong to the mill. You have a sanguine temperament, Richard; you are very fond of air and exercise, and I am sure the action of a farmer's life will suit you better than anything else."

"You, Joseph, have a mechanical genius. You have always taken delight in the machinery about the mill, for the management of which you are well suited. Accordingly I have given it to you with all its dependencies, and the land belonging to it."

"You, my dear James, have a talent for trade. You shall be a merchant, after your father. The store and the village lots, which naturally go with it, I give you."

"And now, my sons, hear my latest counsel. Although your property is divided, let not your hearts be divided also. Labor together, and for your mutual good, as you have always done till now. United, you will be strong; divided, the world will discover your weakness. No, my dear sons, be not divided. Richard shall raise grain in abundance, and he shall share it with his brothers; for Joseph shall grind it, and James shall offer his flour freely to both. And so may you live, oh my sons, in love, in integrity, in mutual faith; and so may Heaven bless you, as I bless you now."

The death of old Richard Blake took place in the family mansion, which appertained to the store, and which now became the property of James the youngest son. Here the brothers lived, and here they continued to live after the death of their father; for James would not permit either Richard or Joseph to leave him, although both the farm and the mill estate bestowed those and the comfortable life in as that belonging to the store.

"No, no, boys," James would say, "you must not leave the old family mansion, as long as we all remain bachelors. You are within a quarter of a mile of your father, Richard—now enough, you are such a walker, and I am sure it is better to give up the entire of going to live there than to think of going to live there yourself. And as for you, Joe, I am sure that, with so good a miller in your employment as Mr. Mitchell, and so large a family in your house as he supports, you may be contented to remain here for the present. I think we will be happier together, than we ever can be separated; and now, if you like, I will make a bargain with you. We will live here as long as we remain bachelors; and the one that takes a wife home first shall take his brothers with him."

The young men agreed to this proposition, and laughed at it, too; for it really seemed absurd to think of three such confirmed bachelors ever taking unto themselves wives. Indeed, James named this condition merely to keep his brothers with him always; and they, understanding it so, kindly humored his conceit.

For five years, Richard, Joseph, and James lived together in the most perfect peace and happiness, to the marvel of all Millbrook, but more especially of the excellent old housekeeper. She declared that she had never in her wide experience, seen anything like the love of those brothers. Meanwhile the farm flourished, the mill ground out grist of gold, and plentiful were the profits of the merchant's trade.

In many things the brothers resembled each other; but still no two were much alike. Richard, the farmer, was of medium height, muscular and of ruddy complexion. He was naturally quick tempered, hasty in speech, generous in his friendship, and openly bitter in his enmity.

Joseph, the miller, was tall, athletic, with round shoulders, thick cheeks, a massive forehead and a thoughtful blue eye. He was nervous in his motions, sensitive in his feelings, profound in thought; but he differed most from Richard, in the perfect composure he appeared to have over his temper, which was not naturally less violent than his older brother's.

James resembled one as much as the other—and no more. He was small in stature, active, cheerful, good-looking and amiable. He was generous as Richard and mild as Joseph the miller.

It was very beautiful to observe the forbearance of Joseph and James towards Richard, in his frequent outbursts of passion. Scarcely ever did they offer him the mildest reproof, although sometimes his temper was hardly to be borne—as we shall see.

It frequently happened, in the spring of the year, that the stream which formed the water-power of Joseph's mill, became so swollen with freshets, that the waste-water was scarcely sufficient to carry away the superfluous water. At such times, the mill was usually kept in motion night and day; but even then, it was not an uncommon circumstance for the mill pond to overflow a portion of Richard's land.

On one occasion, after the early freshets had subsided, and Richard had sown some choice seed for spring-wheat in the field bordering the pond, there came a heavy rain, which lasted two nights and a day. The stream was swollen, the pond rose rapidly, and the water poured over the waste weir a cataract, but nobody ever suspected that Richard's choice seed was in danger, until he, himself, got up one morning, and found the pond filled with water.

It was not in their social feelings alone, that the brothers suffered the consequences of their mutual separation. Richard now carried his grist to another mill, and it was through his absence that Joseph lost much custom. Then both the older brothers went to a great distance out of their way to make their store purchases at Brownville and Smithtown, instead of obtaining their goods of James for thirty per cent. less than they paid elsewhere. Moreover James no longer had Richard's produce and Joseph's flour to trade upon; but others enjoyed the profit while the brothers were enjoying the quarrel.

Thus matters went on for more than a year—James anxiously waiting for Richard or Joseph to make the first advances towards a reconciliation; they waiting for each other, and the three making themselves as miserable as possible.

It was the fourth of July, and Millbrook was like a great beehive. The militia were out, bayonets glittered in the sun, the roar of artillery filled the air, and a vast quantity of bad rum was consumed, in the ardor of patriotism. All good children went to the "Fourth of July Sunday-School Celebration," ate crackers and raisins and heard an unintelligible address from the Rev. Mr. Wetwistle, while bad boys performed the "Independence Training," and the cannons, jokes and fire crackers, with which the field and tavern were enlivened.

There was no work on the farm that day; the mill was silent, and the store closed. Mr. James in the forenoon patronized the dry-crocker, which he furnished the society—and the drier discourse, furnished by Mr. Wetwistle—at the S. S. Celebration; and went, after dinner, to an auction.

It was contrary to the custom of Millbrook to transact any business on the anniversary of our nation's independence; but a poor widow having a few household articles and farming utensils to dispose of, Millbrook had charitably offered to go and purchase them on fourth of July afternoon.

The auction sale was at an old farm-house, some three miles from the village; but notwithstanding the distance, James resolved to walk thither in company with a large party of his neighbors, who likewise went on foot. On the way the merchant perceived his two brothers, who were walking in the same direction, but with different parties; and when he reflected on the sad change which had taken place in his family within the last year and a half, he was very much cast down.

"Once we were as one man, in everything," thought he. "We were strong—happy—and the world looked upon us with uncommon respect. Now, since we are divided, we are blamed by some, scorned by others, and persecuted by not a few. People take advantage of our weakness, to promote their own selfish ends, and we set them the example, by injuring each other. For the past year my profits have been a mere nothing compared to what they have been heretofore."

The conversation of his companions aroused James from his reflections. The party walked leisurely to the auction, and soon after the sale commenced.

The widow Wilson was more benefited by patriotism in Millbrook, than that day, I am afraid, than any other day. The auction affair was more creditable to humanity, and more beneficial to society, too, than all the gun-firing, drinking, and fighting at the "Training," and all the marching hand-in-hand, eating cakes and raisins, and hearing dull speeches, at the "S. S. Celebration." People bid generously; everything went up at a high figure. James bought a horse at ninety-three dollars, certainly a high price, and a "bid off" a great variety of other articles, without much hope of being able to dispose of them at a profit. Richard, too, showed his patriotism, for he bought a harness, a calf, and some farming utensils; and Joseph bid off a chair.

After the auction sale, or vendue, as it was called, was over, the patriots of Millbrook gathered in groups, to discuss politics and the weather, and to offer vague surmises touching the prosperity of the nation, and the widow Wilson; when a cry of surprise and wonder called attention to a glare in the western sky, in the direction of the village.

"Fire! Fire!" exclaimed the awe-stricken crowd. The placid groups were in an instant heaving to and fro in consternation. People rushed in every direction, and the few who had come on horseback or in vehicles made preparations to depart. Each man seemed to think it was his own house which was burning; and the utmost confusion prevailed.

James was holding the horse he had purchased and which he was going to lead home, by the halter. The animal was wild—he snorted and plunged, and it was with difficulty James could hold him. The young man was in a state of great perplexity and alarm. Anxious as he was to fly to the fire, he dared not attempt to ride without a bridle. Just then, Richard hurried past him. James remembered seeing him bid off a harness.

"Brother, for God's sake!" cried James, "lend me your blind-bride. I must ride, for I think it is my store burning."

"The fire is in the direction of my house," began the excited Richard.

"Well, put the bridle on my horse, and you shall ride behind me."

"That horse won't carry double," said a son of the Widow Wilson.

"For heaven's sake, what shall we do?" cried James. "Ah! there is Joseph; he bid off the chair. Richard, brother!"

"James, is that you?" said he, hurriedly. "My mill is on fire, I am sure. Haven't you a harness for that horse? We might put him into my chaise, and drive to the village in a tenth part of the time it will take to run there; while my buildings are burning."

"Richard has a harness," said James.

Not another word was spoken. It was no time for parley. In an instant the harness was dragged out of the shed, and thrown upon the horse. James and Richard buckled the harness and girths, while Joseph wheeled the chaise out of the barn. The three brothers worked in union, as they had been accustomed to do since they were boys; and so well did they understand every movement of each other, that the horse was harnessed in the file with astonishing despatch, and they were on the road as soon as any of their neighbors, excepting those on foot.

Richard, with the natural energy of his character took the reins, and drove, Ned Wilson gave him a whip, and away they flew with the speed of the wind. Trees, horses, fences flew past them, foot passengers gazed with envy as they saw them go by; and the chaise with them was soon the foremost vehicle on the village road.

But they arrived at an impediment; they were obliged to stop. Some drunken patriots had deemed it a part of their duty in celebrating the day to roll a large log into the centre of the road, where no vehicle could pass on either side.

Joseph and James jumped out; but their united efforts were not sufficient to move the

log. Richard sprang to assist them, and the three succeeded in removing the impediment. What neither one nor two were able to accomplish, was still practicable for the three united.

Meanwhile, the glare in the sky brightened. Richard lashed the horse, and on they flew again.

Then, as they approached the scene of the fire, and saw the smoke and the flames surging upward in the dim twilight, anxiously leaned forward, to ascertain, if possible, what buildings were on fire.

"Brothers," said Richard in an agitated voice, "be the fire where it may, let us work together to extinguish it!"

"Be it so," replied Joseph, who now felt certain it was his mill. "We could always accomplish more when united, than when our efforts were divided."

"It is true," said James. But we have forgotten our father's dying charge. We should never have been separated."

His brother made no answer. Richard's cheek was flushed, his lip tremulous; Joseph's brow was pale and thoughtful.

A turn in the road brought them in full view of the village. As if with one impulse, the brothers rose to gaze forward at the fire. A glow of light fell upon their anxious faces. It was the village church that was burning!

"It is too late to save it," said Richard, with a long breath; "see, the roof is all on fire!" At that moment, a dull sound, like a smothered explosion, shook the air. A cloud of smoke and ashes surged upward, and a cry of wonder burst from the three struck spectators gathered around the burning building. The roof had fallen in—the low belfry had plunged into the fiery abyss.

Then with redoubled fury the flames burst forth. The church was all of wood, and soon the blazing choirs fell from the glowing timber frame. Joists, braces and beams gleamed in startling relief, when the wind, which was blowing strong from the north, drove back the outbursting smoke and flames.

Richard stopped the terrified horse at a short distance from the fire, on the north side of the church.

"How did the meeting house take fire?" asked Joseph of an old man.

"Some careless boy must have thrown a fire-cracker through the window," was the reply.

"But the alarm was given in time to save the building, if there had only been a fire engine in the village."

"And we should have had one a year ago," added the old man sternly, "if you three brothers had not acted like fools in the matter. Because James headed the subscription list to purchase an engine, you, Richard and Joseph, opposed it; and so the scheme fell through."

The brothers felt the rebuke, but no reply escaped their lips.

At that moment, there arose an alarming cry on the other side of the church. Richard drove down the south road.

"Deacon Smith's house is afire!" exclaimed Joseph.

This was too true. Deacon Smith's house, situated on the opposite side of the road from the church, had been lighted from the great fire, and now the piazza was all in flames.

"Drive the horse under my shed," cried James, "and we will go together to help save Smith's house."

James' shed and house were close by on the same side of the road with Deacon Smith's, but not so near the church.

The brothers leaped to the ground. While Richard was fastening the terrified horse to the post, James cast an anxious eye upward at the roof of his own house. He started, and turned pale.

"What is that?" he cried.

"It was on the farther side of the roof. James ran round the house, followed by Joseph. It took but an instant to see what was the trouble. Some blazing combustible had fallen from the church upon the dry shingles, which were now in a blaze!

But to reach the roof seemed impossible. The housekeeper had gone out somewhere to spend the "Fourth," and all the doors were locked. In vain did James shout for help, at the top of his voice; the fire on Deacon Smith's house had drawn everybody in that direction. Joseph saw but one way of getting at the roof, to burst through a window, and ascend by the stairs to the eave.

Joseph smothered and pined with an axe. He was already inside, when James beheld his neighbor's yard. To go for it and drag it to his own door, seemed the work of a moment; but so long and heavy was it, that all James' strength was not sufficient to raise it to the roof. Thrice he had essayed it, when, as he was about giving up in despair, assistance came. The ladder went up in an instant, and Richard stood by his brother's side.

"We must work!" cried Richard. "In a minute it may be too late!"

The well was near; and down into the pebbly bottom fell the bucket, driven by Richard's strong hand. James ran for a pail; and in an incredibly short space of time, it was filled with water, borne up the ladder by Richard, and placed in the hands of Joseph who was standing on the roof. The burning shingles hissed and steamed; but still the fire raged. Another bucketful, another—and another—drawn by James from the well, borne up the ladder by Richard, and thrown upon the roof by Joseph—had been applied, before the flames were subdued. The united strength of the brothers had conquered. What one could not have done—two, perhaps—had been safely accomplished by the three.

The brothers went together to the well, to bathe their burning brows, after their labor.

"Our task is done and I am thankful," said James with much feeling. "With your help, brothers, I have saved my house—or our house, rather, for it is the old family mansion. What return can I make to you, more than to invite you—cordially invite you, to return to the house of our father, and cheer one more with your presence and love, the house which has been so dreary and empty without you."

"I accept your kind offer," cried the impulsive Richard. "As I was the first to blame, let me be the first to acknowledge my fault, and ask your forgiveness, James, and yours, brother Joseph."

"You have it, Richard," exclaimed the miller. "And you will forgive me, I am sure. I have been to blame. The waste weir should have been fixed."

"And I should not have flown into a passion about a matter which proved a benefit to my grain after all, for you remember that, instead of drowning or washing away my spring wheat, the freestage gave it a fine start."

"Brothers," interrupted James, "let the past bury the past. Let what we have suffered in consequence of neglecting our father's dying charge, be remembered only as a lesson for the future. I feel that to-day the curse sent for our disobedience has passed away. Everything this evening has seemed as if designed by Providence to prove that—United, we are strong; divided, we are weak."

But they arrived at an impediment; they were obliged to stop. Some drunken patriots had deemed it a part of their duty in celebrating the day to roll a large log into the centre of the road, where no vehicle could pass on either side.

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